THE DAILY STAR

Bertie's Chef-D'Œuvre.

"Whatever is the matter with you this morning, Bertie?" I asked, as my friend's restless behavior in the studio we shared together attracted my attention from the canvas I was painting. "If you go on in this fashion, I'll swear you are excited at having a lord for a patron."

"Patron? He is no supporter of mine," eigenlated Bertie. "He asked me to paint his wife's portrait; I refused. He pressed me; I accepted."

"Reason in that; none in the first," said I. "Lord Weston is rich, of your own country, and might be a good friend. Why did you refuse?"

"Because-I hate him!" The words came from Bertie's lins with a harshness which showed how bitter was his enmity.
"What's the matter with the man?" I

exclaimed.

"Hark," he said abruptly interrupt ing. "There goes eleven."
"Then I'm off," I remarked; "for

that's the hour Lord and Lady Weston have appointed for their sitting." Bertie suddenly turned toward me.

"Grayling," he said, carnestly, "do me a favor. Remain." "Willingly, my boy," I laughed, "for they say his lordship's young wife is worth looking at. But his lordship him-

self may find me de trop." What is Lord Weston to me," he said, scornfully, "This is our studio, not his. But hush! They are here." The door opened as he spoke, and our

servant ushered in Bertie's august visit-

Making my bow, I retreated behind my easel. But what had come over Bertie? He stood, looking wondrously handsome, in his black velvet artist blouse, but almost as motionless as death; whi e he seemed to lean his hand on his easel for support. The next

moment, however, he moved quickly forward, received his guests with a con-straint most unusual in him, and motioned them to the places prepared. As they scated themselves, I took the copportunity of examining them. Lord teston was a dignified, aristocratic man of over fifty; Lady Weston scarcely twenty-five, and one of the loveliest women, I, an artist, had ever looked

of her colorless features. Gracefully inclining to Bertie, she moved to the sitter's chair; but she ut-

upon in life or on canvas. The sole draw-

back was an almost transparent texture

tered no word, nor once looked at him. My presence having been apologized for, under a plea that I had to finish my picture for the Academy, the sitting commenced. During it, I appeared engaged with my own work; but, in reality, occupied with Bertie. What was the matter? He had taken so little pains with the pose of his subject that Lord Weston had interposed, and indifferently, Bertle accepted the suggestions. Besides this, from where I stood, I saw his hand was trembling violently, while the lines he was making on the canvas would have discredited a two-year old student. Neither did he often glance at his subject, and then but rapidly and with indefinite purpose.

What was making my friend so utterty unlike himself?

The moments passed. Lord Weston talked for the three. His wife never opened her lips. Bertie scarcely spoke in more than monosyllables, until rising abruptly, in a low, hard voice, he said: "Excuse me, my lord, Lady Weston is two china ornaments and an old silver faint. I fear the studio—the smell of chatelaine purse, from Sir John and paint-has overpowered her."

lending my nid, for Bertie stood almost ess of Kinnoill. rudely apart. "There is a mystery here," I reflected.

"Will Bertie tell it?"

When Lady Weston had recovered sufficiently to descend to her carriage, her husband proposed that, as the faint amell of oils made her ladyship ill, Bertie should finish the portrait at his lordship's own house. Bertie instantly and firmly refused. He declared that he could not spare the time; but added that his memory was so good that the one sitting Lady Weston had given would be sufficient for him to complete the portrait.

Was he mad? I am certain Lord Weston thought so. I know he did. "My lord," said Bertie, quietly, "in

three weeks you shall see this picture. I vive satisfaction."

Bowing, he drew back, and coolly left me to conduct the visitors down stairs. When I returned, I found the old canvas flung aside, and my friend hard at work on a new one, with all the grace and boldness of touch which had made him renowned.

"Bertie," I said, standing by him,
"What is the meaning of all this? I refer to your behavior just now?"

The hatred of patronage!" he answered, sharply.
"Nonsense! There is a mystery be-

tween you and Lady Weston."
"What?" he exclaimed, flinging down his brush; "you have found it out? Well, listen; I don't see why I should not tell you. Two years ago Lady Weston was simply Lucie Lester, a clergyman's daughter, my betrothed. We were to be married, when Lord Weston saw Lucie, wooed and won her. Her parents coolly showed me the door, and Lucie only too readily yielded to their will. Grayling, it broke my heart, for no man loved-nay, loves-woman as I do this one! When we parted, I said, bitterly: Lucie, if ever you cared for me, a sword shall pierce through your heart one day!

Grayling, you know all the mystery"— he laughed bitterly—"let us say no more

portrait, and never had I seen anything so true, so perfect in color. It was masterpiece. It was Bertie's chefd'œuvre. There was but one fault. He placed, and would not remove, a bunch of withered field-flowers in Lady Weston's hand.

When completed, he wrote, appointing the day and hour for Lord and Lady Weston to visit the studio, and inspect the work.

When the morning arrived, Bertie, who was unusually grave, asked me to surrender to him the entire use of the studio until the visitors arrived, when he begged me, as a favor, to conduct them to him myself.

He puzzled me, yet I could not refuse

ompliance. Was the sequel coming?

At twelve, punctually, the carriage drove up, and I escorted Lord and Lady Weston to the studio. On entering, to my surprise, I found it, as I imagined, described.

"I fear Mr. Gibson is absent," I said, anuoyed,; "but it can only be for a moment. This is the picture,"

We moved toward it, when, instinctively, all three recoiled, and Lady Weston uttering a wild scream, fell insensible on the floor.

Before the easel lay Bertie, his white face turned upward, his hand resting on his chest, grasping a bunch of field-flowers, the original of those in the picture They were Lucy Lester's last gift. He had, indeed, pierced her heart, as with a sword, for he was dead-poisoned by his own hand!

That evening, far too stunned and wretched for work. I went to Lord Weston's to inquire regarding her ladyship. She was ill-very ili, with brain fever. It was months before she was able again to re-enter society, when she was graver, and much aged; while the pallor I had observed on her features never quitted them to her death.

This, then, was the sequel to my poor friend's love story, and a woman's fidel-

A Princess' Wedding Presents.

List of presents made to her royal highness, Princess Frederica, of Hanover, on her marriage: Indian shawls, silver knives, silver forks, silver spoons, prayer-book and a ring, from the queen; silver candelabra, from the prince and princess of Wales; a diamond butterfly, from the princess of Wales; a diamond and lapis-lazuli brooch, from the children of the prince and princess of Wales. a claret jug, from the duke and duchess of Connaught; a silver kettle, from Prince Leopold; salt-cellars, silver muffineers, and a diamond and coral brooch, from Princess Beatrice; a silver tea-ser vice, from the duke of Cambridge; the duchess of Cambridge, and the grand duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; a reading lamp, from Count and Countess Gleichen; a silver-gilt bowl, from marquis and marchioness of Salisbury; a gold ten set and salver, from the earl of Beaconsfield and Lord Rowton; a silver tea set, from the earl of Ashburnham; a diamond and pearl brooch, from the earl of Bradford; a cookatoo pepper-box, from the countess of Bradford; silver mirrors, from Sir Ivor and Lady Cornelia Guest; a desert service, from the six bridesmaids; a breakfast service, from Lady Geraldine post-box, from Sir Dighton and Lady pulled out, or left to dry on a board, be-Probyn; a plush table, from the Hon. A. ing stretched by white tacks. G. Yorke; a gold salver, from Mr. Corry; a prayer-book, from the Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot; candlesticks, from Mile. Norele; will bear any amount of use. Lambre"The Lover's Tale," from Mr. Tennyson; quins are made in the same manner and two china ornaments and an old silver the same material. chatelaine purse, from Sir John and Lady Cowell; a screen and table, from It was so. Lady Weston had fallen back in her chair in a swoon, All was from the children of Captain and Hon. confusion; restoratives were procured, I C. Eliot; a reading lamp, from the count-

Killing a Wild Cat.

[Kingston (N. Y) Cor. New York Sun.] For several days past it had been reported that a wild cat was roaming the woods in the neighborhood of Shandaken. Two or three persons had seen the animal, but, being unarmed, did not dare venture to attack it. On Saturday afternoon last, as the four-year old child of Charles Shoonmaker, who lives on the mountain bordering on *Greene County, was playing near the house, its mother heard it scream for help. Running from the house, she found that the child was being attacked by some wild animal. Seizing a heavy stick, she went to the child's assistance. The wild cat, for make myself answerable that it shall such it was, with eyes sparkling like fire, jumped for the mother, and fastened its claws in one of her arms. Being a strong and courageous woman, she managed to hurl the animal from her, and by a few well-directed blows, to end its life. It measured over five feet from its head to tip of tail, and weighed twenty-seven pounds. The child was badly scratched, and but for the prompt arrival of its mother, would have been killed.

A seaman and an officer who have recently seen service on the ill-fated training-ship, Atalanta, have made contradictory statements respecting the seaworthy qualities of the vessel. According to the statement of the able seaman, the Atalanta on one occasion, when on her voyage to Barbadoes rolled 32°, and Captain Stirling is reported to have been heard to remark that had she rolled one degree more she must have gone over and foundered. Further, the Atalanta is reported by the same seaman as exceedingly crank, as being over-weighted with ship rig instead of bark, and as having aroused the distrust of Captain Stirling. On the other hand, the officer affirms that during her first cruise, which extended from October 18, 1878, to Whatever occurs to me, remember you March 29, 1879, the ship was often tried Whatever occurs to me, remember you are the cause. The sequel of our love is to come!" I meant what I said then—I mean what I say now—that sword shall pierce her heart, if she have one! Now, Grayling, you know all the mystery"—

March 25, 1875, and snip that suit in sudden and heavy squalls, and in gales of wind, one of which in particular was exceptionally heavy. Under these circumstances she proved herself to be an unusually stiff ship, and very handy. Captain Stirling did not think her masts

FOR THE LADIES.

Items of Interest Which Most Concern the Fair Sex.

All hail to tortoise-shell jewelry. The favorite stocking is black, either plain or embroidered.

Black lace poppies with golden hearts are among the new flowers.

The pretty Louisine silks are again supplied in pinhead checks. A pussy's or pug's head, with their re-

spective claws, form a pretty inkstand and penrest. A Western paper in endeavoring to pariphrase hash, calls it eleemosynary

mystery. Try again. Costs have pockets in all conceivable places, of all conceivable sizes, and for no conceivable purpose.

Scotch ginghams come as thin and fine almost as cambrics, and are delightful to wear and charming in color.

The gypsy, directoire and cottage bonnets are all popular according to the faces that they are to adorn.

New white Hamburg embroideries for children's summer dresses are in the open work style called English work.

Skirt braid is no longer rolled. It is hand-stitched upon the hem, having one edge below to save the skirt from cutting White canvas belts of this season are

but an inch broad. Quite a contrast to the "horsey" looking surcingles of last In British Columbia a man's history may be told from his bat. What a his-

tory some of the spring hats would re-Indian nainsooks come covered with

of goods washes well and gives excellent wear. Fashionable dames would not like to walk Spanish, but they would not make the slightest objection to dancing

The figured or striped jacket, or closefitting basqe, which is different from, yet harmonizes with the dress, is the newest

thing out. A bodice of a contrasting color is a great addition to a mountain or traveling dress. They used to call them "hug me tights."

Rome. She is neither handsome nor young, but she has beautiful eyes and a fine expression. The traveling wraps or poussiers now being prepared for summer are loose sur-

The author of "John Halifax" is in

touts, made of mohair, linen, pongee and summer cheviot. In spite of the showy styles the most distinguished-looking woman is she who

wears the least showy bonnet, provided milliner. Private in that she only

makes for regular customers. Somerset; a silver-gilt dish, from Mrs. Avoid using an iron to embroidery, as Ronalds; a clock, from Col. McNeill; a it spoils the fresh look. It should be

> Macrame lace bags are made out of a coarse twine. They are very strong and thing, it hurts you and humiliates you,

The old-fashioned, turkey-red prints, with bright scarlet grounds and flowers in yellow and black, with a slight dash of green and blue, have been revived under the name of Rouge Adrianople

A new fancy in note paper shows spring's delights painted on envelope and paper. A bunch of luscious establelooking strawberries, a bunch of violets, or a soft fluffy little bunch of pussie

A man in Luray County, Virginia, believes it to be wicked to kiss because Christ was by this means betrayed. He has been married twenty years and has eleven children, and has never kissed spouse or babies.

A very pretty piano-stool cover may be made by arranging lace in squares al ternating with squares of colored satin, managing the circle by means of three cornered pieces, and completing the cover by means of a wide lace flounce.

Ladies wear pitchforks, daggers, ope knives and various other civilized articles of warfare in their hats and at their throats. It surely is not many years since a certain race sold canned missionaries, and especially fine specimens they

impaled on pins. Persian veiling is the novelty in veils this spring. It is black net of very fine quality edged with Persian colors, or else by rainbow beads. It is quite narrow and worn as a mask veil or else as the long scarf that crosses behind the head and ties in a great bow under the chin.

Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the mighty capitalists, died at the age of ninety-eight years. As she lay in her last illness, surrounded by her children, she said to the physician who stood near, "Doctor, try and help me." "Madame," he replied, "what can I do? I can not make you young again." "No," was the keen-witted reply, "I do not ask to be made young; I merely wish to continue

to grow old." The history of fans is interesting in the highest degree. Their origin is traced by some to Kansi, daughter of a Chinese Mandarin, and by others to the Sybil of Cume, who is said to have used a fan during the delivery of her oracles. Long before the days of the sybil, the fan was on the subject."

He returned to his easel, and would not sgain revert to the subject, but sed-mously he worked at Lady Weston's too taut, or that the spread of canvas fans are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. A lady of the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. A lady of the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. A lady of the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. A lady of the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. A lady of the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices. A lady of the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices. Benj. Disraeli says a Spanth was in a low condition to-day, having the sacrifices are used to drive away insects from the sacrifices.

Court of Louis XV-a time when fans were considered a necessity and often valued at more than \$70friend in praise of them: "Il serpente, il voltige, il se reserve, il se deploie, il se live, il s'abaisse, selon les circonstances."

Arguing With a Raven

[Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad."] One day in a dreamy mood Mark Twain wandered among the woods on the hills above the Neckar. This new melancholy Jacques did not find a sub ject for reflection in "poor bankrupt deer," but, with his own peculiar vein of fancy, he discovered something to moralize about in the croaking of ravens overhead. As an instance of Mark Twain's powers of imaginative perception, the passage about the conduct of the ravens s worth quoting:

"The world was bright with sunshine outside, but a deep and mellow twilight reigned in there, and also a silence so profound that I seemed to hear my own breathings. When I stood ten minutes, thinking and imagining, and getting my spirit in tune with the place, and in the right mood to enjoy the supernatural, a raven suddenly uttered a hoarse croak over my head. It made me start; and then I was angry because I started. I looked up, and the creature was sitting on a limb could they make white bread out of right over me, looking down at me. I yellow wheat?" felt something of the same sense of humiliation and injury which one feels when he finds that a human stranger has been claudestinely inspecting him in his privacy, and mentally commenting upon nim. I eyed the raven, and the raven eyed me. Nothing was said during some seconds. Then the bird stepped a little way along his limb to get a better point of observation, lifted his wings, stuck his head far down below his shoulders toward me, and croaked again-a croak with a distinctly insulting expression about it. If he had spoken in English he could not have said any more plainly than he did in the fall. say in raven, 'Well, what do you want here?' I felt as foolish as if I had been pretty dots of various colors. This class caught in some mean act by a responsible being, and reproved for it. However, I made no reply; I would not bandy words with a raven. The adversary waited a while, with his shoulders still lifted, his head thrust down between them, and his keen bright eye fixed on me; then he threw out two or three more insults, which I could not under stand, further than that I knew a portion of them consisted of language not

used in church. "I still made no reply. Now the adversary raised his head and called. There was an answering croak from a little distance in the wood,-evidently a croak of inquiry. The adversary explained with enthusiasm, and the other raven dropped everything and came. The two sat side by side on the limb and discussed me as freely and offensively as two great naturalists might discuss a new kind of bug, field in one year?" The thing became more and more embarrassing. They called in another friend. This was too much. I saw that they had the advantage of me, and so I concluded to get out of the scrape by walking out of it. They enjoyed my de There are just ten different shades of could have done. They craned their necks and laughed at me (for a raven milling. can laugh just like a man); they squalled insulting remarks after me as long as they could see me. They were nothing but ravens- I knew that -what they thought about me could be a matter of no consequence-and yet when even a raven shouts after you, 'What a hat!'
'O pull down your vest!' and that sort of

A French Romance.

Eleven years ago a young Frenchman, Gilbert by name, and a very ardent re-publican, fell in love with the daughter of an Imperialist, and, as the father of the girl refused his consent to the marriage, the young couple determined to commit suicide. They repaired to a smail town near Paris, and Gilbert, after shooting his betrothed, attempted to blow his own brains out. In neither case did the wounds prove mortal, and the war breaking out soon afterward, Gilbert was not prosecuted, as he had left Paris to serve in the Army of the Loire. He returned to Paris at the outbreak of the Commune, served in the National Guard, was made prisoner when the Versailles troops entered the city and transported to New Caledonia.

During his absence his betrothed had been induced by her father to marry a wealthy merchant, and is now the mother of a numerous family, her husband having no suspicion of the antecedent events. Gilbert was included in the amnesty granted a few months ago, and he returned to Paris the other day only to be arrested on the charge of attempted homicide. It appears, however, that the trial will not be brought to an issue, the public prosecutor being of opinion that the proceedings can not be carried on without putting into the witness-box the lady whom Gilbert attempted to kill. To do this would be to blast her character, and perhaps to bring about her separation from her husband, and so the minister of justice has authorized the public prosecutor to desist from further proceedings.

Infant Attacked by a Cat. |Winona (Minn.) Republican.|

A sad and singular affair happened in the lower part of the city on Thursday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, at the house of Mr. Heinrich Wendt. Mrs. Wendt was engaged in some work outside the door, when she heard her baby screaman infant of about two months. Hastening in, the anxious mother was met by the cat, which ran on Mrs. Wendt's approach. The mother, to her horror, found that the cat had been trying to eat the child. The skin and flesh on either side of its little forehead were painted on the tombs of Thebes. The torn and bleeding, the cat having actu-King was represented as surrounded by ally gnawed through to the skull. The King was represented as surrounded by ally gnawed through to the skull. The his armor-bearers, who fauned him. baby's hands were also scratched badly, Again, there are paintings where the indicating that an effort had been made

AGRICULTURAL COMMENT.

The Man in the Wood Box Explain About Winter Wheat, Bordette in the Hawkere, i "The wheat never looked better," re-

marked the sad passenger, gazing out of "Where is there any wheat?" asked

the fat passenger.
"I don't know," was the calm reply, 'I don't really know that there is any wheat in Wyandotte County, but every body always talks about the wheat looking finely at this time of the year, and I know that it must be the proper thing to sav."

"That is wheat in the field on our right," said the man on the wood box.
"That green stuff?" echoed all the other passengers, rushing to the window. "Yes," he replied, "that bright, dark, "Why," they chorussed again, in dis-

appointed tones, "it looks like grass!"
"I thought wheat was yellow," said the passenger with the sandy goatee; 'don't they always talk about the yellow fields and the golden grain?"

"That's when it is ripe," exclaimed the man on the wood box. "Wheat yellow when it's ripe?" incredulously cried the sad passenger. guess you're thinking of corn meal. How

"There are two kinds of wheat, aren't there?" asked the tall, thin passenger.

"Yes," said the man on the wood box, "spring and winter."
"How do they differ?"

"Well," the man on the wood box said, spring wheat is planted in the spring, and winter wheat is planted in the win-

"I have heard farmers talk of fall wheat," the fat passenger said.
"Yes," the man on the wood box as

sented. And then in answer to their looks of inquiry he added, "it is planted

"I thought," the passenger with the sandy goatee remarked, "that spring wheat was planted in the fall and harvested in the spring?" The man on the wood box said: "Yes

he believed, come to think of it, that was the way of it." "And winter wheat, then," the sad passenger suggested, is planted in the spring and harvested in the winter?"

The man on the wood box shifted un-

easily in his seat and looked nervously up and down the car. "Well, yes," he said, he "guessed it was that way."

"Then fall wheat," asked the fat passenger, earnestly. And the man on the wood box bit the

end of a match, took off his hat and looked into it, and finally said he believed it wasn't planted until next fall. "Then you got three crops of wheat said the sad passenger, "off the same

The man on the wood box said "yes." but so faintly that he had to repeat it

twice before they could all hear him. "Which is the best wheat?" asked the

tall thin passenger. The man on the wood box was heard by a strange passenger to whisper to the stove-pipe that "he wished he was dead," but he rallied a little and said:

"For bread?"

"Yes, for bread?" The man on the wood box opened his mouth to reply, when he caught the eye of the woman who talks bass fixed upon him with a strange, intense expression. He got off his perch, walked down the aisle to the diffused and abandoned water tank, looked around for the long lost tin cup, drew some hypothetical water into it out of the empty tank, took a long drink of nothing out of it and as he came back to his seat, the subdued croak of the woman who talks base and the composed countenances of the other passengers convinced him they had been laughing about something. But he didn't seem to care what it was about, for he didn't ask, and presently he drew his hat down over his eyes and dissembled sleep.

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* READ THE TESTIMONIALS.

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Nov. 8, 1878.

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